

GOVERNOR PUTS FINGERPRINT EXPERTS ON EASTLAKE SLAYING CASE

HUSBAND PINS HOPE ON ALIBI

(Continued from First Page.)

owned but which have never been located.

All of the evidence established so far, officials believe, identifies Miss Knox more strongly as the actual assailant. The character of the twenty-nine cuts on the body of Mrs. Eastlake, indicating that they were inflicted by somebody who not only wished to murder but also to mutilate; the finding of a fur-lined broadcloth coat in the bushes near the house having papers with the name of Miss Knox and Eastlake sewed in the lining; the discovery of Miss Knox's handbag near the coat and the hatchet not far off—all point indisputably to her part in the plot and the killing itself, according to the prosecution.

Believe Eastlake Present.

Commonwealth Attorney Mayo believes that Eastlake was present when the fatal blows were struck, if he did not indeed participate himself in subduing his wife to insensibility, but that a woman's hand is responsible for the many small cuts on the husband's face, shoulders and arms.

One of the papers found sewed up in the lining of Miss Knox's coat was an overdue promissory note for \$600, signed by Eastlake in favor of Miss Knox. On the back and in pencil was scribbled, "In case of death, see Eastlake." The other paper was a receipt, also signed by Eastlake, in acknowledgment of a motorcycle.

The machine, equipped with a sidecar, was the one used by Eastlake to visit Miss Knox when she was stopping in the vicinity of Colonial Beach, it is alleged. He was often seen trundling around the country to meet her in this conveyance. It now stands in the yard of the Eastlake home, covered with a canvas tarpaulin.

Extracts from other letters written by Eastlake to Miss Knox were revealed this morning by Detective Boulwer, who found Miss Knox's handbag in the bushes. One of them, undated, said:

"If I could only see you tonight, my darling! Margaret is on us and is pretty angry. Think it will soon wear off."

"(Signed) ROGER."

Another letter with the date of February 27, 1921, from Miss Knox to Eastlake, and written from Chesapeake City, Md., said:

"Roger—Please get money and papers that I left under mattress. Have telegraphed the hotel."

"(Signed) SARAH."

Beach Resort Astir.

The quiet little hamlet of Colonial Beach, often flippantly referred to as "Washington's Atlantic City," where thousands of Washingtonians spend part of their summers, spent one of the saddest Sundays in its history yesterday, as the Sabbath brought time and leisure for recreation on the events of the past two days.

Visitors from the entire Northern Neck of Virginia motored, came on horseback and afoot to witness the scene of Friday morning's cruel killing of Mrs. Roger Eastlake. It was indeed a day for post-mortems, and stories of the affair were told by grown-ups and juveniles alike until rumor counteracted rumor and theory upset theory. It seems almost as though the dogs in the street have given their version of the affair.

Although there is little or no doubt as to the persons responsible for the blackest mark ever placed against the record of this unpretentious and modest little resort, every one who knew the people involved has been interviewed and cross-examined until there seems almost nothing else to add to the already bloody chapters.

Without criticism of the townsmen, it must be said that the early confusion permitted of some extremely clumsy proceedings and that articles used by and belonging to the parties detained were handled by hundreds and handled about among curious spectators until the possibility of finger prints and other measures used for the detection of criminal procedure are now practically out of the question.

Arrested Late in Day.

Eastlake and Miss Knox were not put under arrest until late afternoon of the day of the deed. Meanwhile, they were alone in a room of his home, and he was also given an opportunity to be alone with his children, so that he might away their childish imagination as to the facts.

Consequently, the bright little things have told a different story than they did to the neighbors immediately after the detection of the crime, and up until the time they left Colonial Beach, in the custody of their uncle on their mother's side yesterday, they were being shown with consideration by the townspeople before they were taken away, they gave little thought to anything but their own amusement.

Unable to See Brother.

Fear is felt that if Mrs. Chambers were allowed to have the children, that Eastlake's mother, who is still alive, might warp their version of Friday's dreadful development.

Mrs. Chambers went to Montross yesterday morning to see her brother, but arrived after he and Miss Knox had been spirited away to Fredericksburg some time between 4 o'clock yesterday morning and sun-up, so she returned to Philadelphia without seeing her blood brother, who is held on the charge of murdering his wife.

Eastlake and Miss Knox were removed to Fredericksburg as a matter of precaution as the little brick jail at Montross is so small and chimney-like that it could be raised from its foundations with four automobile jacks.

Last Prisoner Taken.

The last prisoner in the Montross jail before Miss Knox and Eastlake were taken there was "twelve cases of whiskey" which did not stay there over night.

Eastlake has retained the services of Thomas Hunter, a distinguished lawyer of King George county. Mr. Hunter is at present a member of the Virginia House of Delegates.

Fame on Stage by Own Efforts

Is Life Dream of John D.'s 'Baby'

Muriel McCormick, 17, Granddaughter of Oil King, Says She Lives Only for Her "Career"—Hopes to Make Reputation in Europe Before Essaying Debut Here.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Miss Muriel McCormick, placed by wealth on the top of the world's social pinnacle, today told of her life's innermost dream—excellence in the art of the stage.

"And whatever I achieve in this ambition of mine must be done by my very own self, not by the daughter of Harold F. McCormick and not by the granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller," she said.

As this was said, early in the interview, Miss McCormick sat briskly forward on the big lounge in her mother's apartment at the Hotel Plaza, from which she could look out on a rain-blown corner of Central Park. She is nineteen years old, but a mental and spiritual earnestness has lent her an odd maturity.

Her Garb Simple.

She had come suddenly into the room, gray from a heavy sky, a moment before. She wore a black dress, rather plain, with long straight lines. Its only adornment was a small circle embroidered in white below the neck line at the left. In it appeared to be woven a key that would not reveal its meaning, except to the merest few.

Though one usually has some clear and definite idea about what most women are wearing, it required a conscious purpose to observe and remember the details of this unusual girl's dress.

It was to her face that one always would look, slightly oval, with a stern delicacy; a little whimsical play about the corners of the well-shaped mouth, warmth and understanding in the brown eyes; a dash of freckles on the forehead and cheeks that seemed to find no apology for themselves necessary.

The brown hair was brushed securely back from her forehead and held tight at the back, as if its mistress meant to be firm with it.

Stage Her "Very Life."

"Of your career?" she was asked at length. She answered swiftly, as though she were stirred.

"That is my very life. It seems to be everything, almost, that I live for. And it has always been so. I cannot remember the time when I was too young to dream of it. I cannot go back so far as to find a time the dream and hope of a career on the stage did not thrill me, and mean everything to me."

"And it seems I have always been studying for it, too."

"From the age of two the greatest pleasure that could be meted out to me was the denial of the theater. I've almost lived before, and behind, the footlights."

"No, I have never appeared before the public. I had planned to make my debut in the Grand Opera in the Burgtheater. That is a famous opera in Vienna as the Comedie Francaise is in Paris."

"But the newspapers published about two lines on my work and my study, and almost a whole page on who my parents were and who my grandfather was. I was disgusted. I determined that I should never appear on the stage if I could only be 'sent-off' by my family."

"Will I go into opera or drama? That will depend upon my voice. I hope it will be opera. But must one not have voice training for the speaking stage and dramatic training for the singing stage?"

"Whatever is to be my destiny I shall know in a year. I shall embark. If it is the drama, my debut will be in Berlin, because I am best in the German language. If it is the opera, Europe or South America. That will depend."

Not to Start Here.

"Oh, no, I should never attempt a debut in America. It is my country, and I should like to have my career here. But an artist must come to America with a name already made. If I began here I should have to take a very small role, or be given a leading role on the strength of my family name. I shouldn't want to do either."

"I know already that I have learned as much about dramatic art as I can learn from theory and teaching. For the rest, I must learn from experience. I made my diploma last year with Maria Moissi. She is a Viennese, the wife and teacher of the greatest Viennese actor, Alexander Moissi, successor to the great Josef Kainz. She taught me in Zurich, Switzerland."

"I am studying now with Mme. Aurelia Arimondi, wife of the most wonderful living basso, Vittorio Arimondi, and chief of the Chicago Opera Association. She is a marvelous teacher. She will be in Chicago next winter, so I shall be there. Where she goes to Cairo, I should go there, too."

From Lyric to Dramatic.

"Mme. Arimondi says the voice training I had in Europe was wrong. I was trained there as a coloratura. I'm so glad I am not a coloratura! I want to be a dramatic soprano. She tells me I am a lyric, now, and will become a dramatic with maturity."

"If she is uncertain as to whether the opera or the drama will claim her talents, of one thing Miss McCormick speaks in no uncertain words and in no uncertain voice. And her speaking voice, though of exquisite delicacy, has about it an amazing firmness and a fine, definite note. Of that of which she is so certain she said:

"Enough Mediocrity Now."

"I will not be mediocre in anything. If I cannot draw my bow of talents into a perfect curve I shall give it up. Once I have started, it will not take long to tell."

"By that I mean that I must be within myself all that it is necessary to be if I am to remain on the stage, either as a singer or as an actress. There are too many of the other kind already."

"For instance, as I see it, in opera there is only one who is excellent, who is faultless—Lucien Muratore. He is the perfect singer. There must be the combination of the voice and the culture of the stage or of the voice is not enough if there be no culture beneath it. You may take two singers who sing the same way, most beautifully. One will hold you enthralled. The other will carry you merely as a pretty voice. It is because there is behind the first intelligence and heart and 'pep,' I shall



Miss Muriel McCormick



Miss Muriel McCormick

POLICE SUSPECT BLACK HAND IN GROCER'S DEATH

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ico had been dead at least ten hours before the body was discovered. No trace of the instrument used in killing Domingo was found. Deputy Sheriff Robert L. Wells and County Officer Thomas V. Garrison, who, with Detective Sergeant Fred Sandberg, official photographer and fingerprint expert of the Washington police department, searched the premises, took fingerprints, and gathered other evidence which it is hoped will help in a solution of the brutal crime.

Slashed With Dirk.

Domingo apparently was attacked as he stood behind the counter of his store. It is believed that his assailant slashed him across the throat with a dirk or some other sharp instrument, and when the Italian fell dragged him into a rear room. There were no signs of a desperate struggle. It is believed that the first blow that struck the Italian had deadly effect.

The slayer, apparently to be sure of the Italian's death, dealt blow after blow with the sharp weapon over the heart of his victim. Detective Sergeant Sandberg, of Washington, gave it as his opinion that the blows on the head were administered with a meat cleaver, or sharp hatchet. But Domingo's cleaver and hatchet showed no blood stains and were eliminated by the authorities.

After slaying Domingo, the murderer then rifled the man's pockets, stealing a small khaki cloth bag containing about \$15. Several dollars in change also were found missing from the money drawer. The slayer then went to a room on the second floor where Domingo slept. In this room, the trunks were ransacked, their contents being scattered over the floor. A bureau also had been rifled.

Whether the slayer was in search of money, or papers, or believed to have been in Domingo's session, is a question the authorities are endeavoring to solve. It is believed that if the man's wife is located, much toward solving the identity of the slayer will be discovered.

Had No Enemies.

Howell, one of Domingo's closest friends, declared this morning that the Italian had no enemies as far as he knew. The last visitor he had, said Howell, was a man from the Kingdom of Pythias, who brought him his sick benefits from the order, Domingo having lain ill with rheumatism for several weeks before.

"While Domingo lay ill," said Howell, "I looked after the store for him. I also waited on his customers when he went to town."

When the police arrived yesterday to investigate the slaying, Howell stated that Domingo always kept a box containing anywhere from \$50 to \$100 on a shelf in back of the store.

"I knew the money was there," said Howell, "because frequently Domingo told me to use the cash when the baker, the meat man or others called to collect their bills."

The money was found where Howell stated it had been kept by Domingo, there being about \$65 in the box.

Domingo was seventy-seven years old, but unusually active for a man of that age. He went to Capitol Heights to open the general merchandise shop after he closed his liquor store in Washington. He rarely spoke of his wife, even to his close neighbor, Philip Montanaro, employed as a butler in Washington. The Montanaro home is about fifteen yards from Domingo's store, but the wife said this morning that she heard no disturbance in the shop on Saturday night, when it is believed the Italian was killed.

Store Closed at 10.

"Mr. Domingo frequently called to see us," said Mrs. Montanaro this morning, "but I did not see him after Saturday afternoon. My husband returned home about 10 o'clock Saturday night and told me when he arrived that Domingo's store was closed. We then went to bed, not hearing any trouble in the store."

Domingo was a native of Italy, but when a boy was taken to Africa by his parents. He came to Washington as a youth and helped build the foundation for the city postoffice.

Domingo's store was well stocked, and he had an acre truck garden which he worked himself when not busy waiting on his customers. He was seen at the store at 8 o'clock Saturday night, and it is believed the slayer attacked him shortly after that time. After killing Domingo the slayer apparently locked the front and back doors of the house and made his escape through the side door, which Mr. Howell found open when he locked the gate also had been broken, indicating the slayer had entered.

Los Angeles Nymph Is Claiming Champion Diving Honors



Champion diving honors of the world are claimed by Miss Aileen Allen, of Los Angeles, shown here at a recent swimming meet.

NOT HIS SLAVE, ASSERTS WIFE, ASKING DECREE

Couldn't Even Give Chauffeur a Piece of Candy, Says New York Bride.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—From the moment Mrs. Pauline J. Harris, twenty-year-old daughter of George Alexander, of 225 West Seventy-first street, left the altar with her husband, Abraham Harris, her troubles began. As she was starting on her honeymoon the minister said jokingly that her husband was a lucky man to get her and if he hadn't the minister might have beaten him to it.

Mrs. Harris says her husband quarreled with her every day about that episode on her honeymoon. The couple were married in the St. Regis Hotel July 19, 1921, after a three months' courtship. Harris is a member of I. Harris & Brothers, 126 Fifth avenue.

He lavished money and jewels upon her before they were married, says his wife. Her engagement ring was a five-carat diamond, valued at \$3,500. She also received a diamond band ring and a sapphire ring from him.

But in the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, on the bridal tour, she asserts, he struck her and called her vile names because she had received letters from friends. For this alleged conduct she wants a separation. Mrs. Harris, a little brunette, with flashing brown eyes, said yesterday:

"My husband is jealous of me. He said he had a right to pick my friends for me. Why, I couldn't even give our chauffeur a piece of candy without him calling me awful names! 'I came right back at him and said I would not abide by his instructions, because I was not his chattel and slave. I would not permit any man to regulate every detail of my life!'"

The Harrises lived at the Peter Stuyvesant Hotel for a time.

Harris, through his lawyers, Marx & Snedeker, alleges that his wife was a petted and spoiled child who went to private schools all her life and that when he married her she was too young to realize the sanctity and nobility of marriage.

Prices realized on Swift & Co. sales of carcass beef in Washington, D. C., for week ending Saturday, October 1, 1921, on shipments sold out, ranged from 8 cents to 19 cents per pound and averaged 12.72 cents per pound.—Adv.

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Today

(Continued from First Page.)

wise no advance toward better civilization."

Better machines, better industrial managers, higher efficiency in labor, new inventions, work done in great economical units should solve the problem. Forever striving to reduce wages is stupid, out of date, harmful to the public interest, worthy of the man that reduced his horse to one oat straw, then saw it die.

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CONGRESS WILL SUPPLY MONEY TO VETS' BOARD

Deficiency Appropriations for Railroad Administration and Navy Also Are Planned.

By International News Service.

Deficiency appropriations will have to be made by Congress early in December for the Soldier Vocational Board, the Railroad Administration, the Navy Department and other Government agencies, according to information received today by Chairman Madden, of the House Appropriations Committee.

While Congress was liberal in its provisions for the vocational education and training of wounded soldiers, the estimates on which the appropriation was based were largely conjectured because of lack of data from previous years as a guide, and the appropriation has been found inadequate.

Additional money is needed by the Railroad Administration to take care of railroad claims that are due. If all the claims could be met by the Government the Railroad Administration could clean up its work and go out of existence by next July, according to Railroad Director General Davis.

The navy deficit is caused by in-

sufficient appropriation made in the general navy supply bill, which was \$410,000,000.

The deficiency appropriation bill will be the first taken up by Congress at the opening of the regular session beginning in December. It will be followed either by the legislative or the District of Columbia bill, or the bill to provide for the appropriation bill, these being the make up.

The army and navy appropriation bills for 1922 will not be presented to the House until late in the next session. Their preparation will be delayed until after the armament conference has concluded its work. The recommendations to be made by this conference may have an important bearing in the framing of these bills.

SHIP OFF CAPE CHARLES

SEEKING LOST \$3,000,000

CRISFIELD, Md., Oct. 3.—The Ripple, built as a trawler for the Russian government several years ago, and now owned by an incorporated syndicate of New Yorkers, started systematically dragging the bottom six miles east of Cape Charles this week to locate the wreck of the Ward line Merida, which sank at this point in 1911 with \$3,000,000 in gold, silver, and jewels.

Ship Board to Hear Charges.

Further hearings on charges that the International Mercantile Marine has entered into a contract with the British government to take no action detrimental to the British merchant marine, will open in New York tomorrow. The United States Shipping Board will convene there to hear evidence.

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